THE Gentleman-Apothecary:

BEING

A LATE and TRUE

STORY,

Turned out of

FRENCH.

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FRENCH

THE
Gentleman-Apothecary.

THE Ladies method of *Bleeding*, and *Glysters*, is rarely good without dispute both for the *Health* and the *Complexion*; but especially *Glysters*; which *Araminte* made often use of; not that they could make her fairer than they found her, but only to preserve those Beauties fresh, and charming, which they could not either create or increase.

Once upon a time having given order for this blessed Preservative, and being told by her Woman, that all was ready, she laid her self down upon the Bed in posture to receive it, with wonderful patience expecting the comfortable office; with patience I say, for *fretting makes people look old*; and *all handsom women are under an Oath to be true to their Faces.*

The Mistris having disposed her Bo-

dy, as I told you, (in no very good condition to take notice of what past in the Chamber) away runs the maid (leaving the door open) for a napkin: And, just in the Interim, while she was hunting for a cloth, gently up the stairs comes *Timante*, (a familiar friend of the Ladies) and seeing the passage free, into the Chamber he goes, without discovery.

The first spectacle he encountred, was a pair of incomparable Hanches; which put him, for a while, to a stand; partly out of reverence, and partly out of surprize: But in a short time, coming a little to himself, and looking round about him, to see if any body were in the Room, he casts his eye upon a certain Instrument which the maid had left on a Chair by the Bed-side. The Gentleman, very Innocently takes it up, and finding it laden, and his Mark fair, for want of an *Apothecary*, resolves to do the work himself, and so he did; and that so dexterously too, that the best Master of his trade in *Paris* could not have mended it.

Imme-

Immediately upon the discharge, out slips *Timante* again, as privately as he came in, and no mortal the wiser. *Araminte*, in the mean while, draws up her self within the Curtains, covers all for fear of the worst, and so disposes her self to her Repose.

Timante was no sooner out of the House, but down comes the Maid, post-hast, with twenty excuses in her mouth all the way she came, for making her Mistris wait so long. Well Madam, saies she, I am glad however to see your Ladiship keep your self warm; But now, when you please, I am ready for you, and to say the truth, the Glyster was somewhat with the hottest before.

What means this Wench! (cries *Araminte*) wouldst thou have me take two at a bout? *Two*, Madam? I beg your Ladiships pardon (says the Maid) you have had none at all yet. Prethee no more fooling (cries the Mistris) and let me get this *out*, before I take another *in*; didst not thou thy self give me one just now? No: I, Madam,

as I hope to be saved, (says the Wench) I have been all this while above in the Garret for a Napkin; but now I perceive your Ladiship has been your own Apothecary, for I see the Bagg is empty. Upon my soul not I, says *Araminte*; but most assuredly I have a Glyster in my Guts, and whoever put it there, was his Crafts-master. The Maid, she swore over and over, that, for her part, she knew nothing on't.

Upon this, they fell to gazing one upon the other in the greatest confusion imaginable, and, without a word speaking, betray'd in the disorder of their Looks the distraction of their Thoughts. At last, recollecting themselves, a strict search was made in the Chamber for this Invisible Operator, but no creature to be found: Whereupon, they joyntly concluded that it must needs be the Devil, and with one voice cried out by consent that the House was haunted.

This Outcry brought all the Neighbourhood in a trice into *Araminte's* Cham-

Chamber, to learn what was the matter; The Maid told them, they had been troubled with a Spirit. *Jesu Maria* (cried the company, crossing themselves) but *what has he done? What has he done?* To this, they could get nothing more out of them than that the Devil was turn'd Apothecary.

By this time, *Araminta's* Physick began to grow troublesome, and the company more so: But she kept all her Gripes and Grumblings to her self, till Flesh and Bloud could hold no longer, and then in plain terms desired she might be left a little to her privacy. So soon as ever the Room was cleared, *Araminta* gave the Devil his Clyster again, and found great ease upon't.

This was a Terrible Bout, but yet not so Terrible, as to fright a Lady from minding her Beauty, and her Pleasure; nor could the Devil himself hinder *Araminta* from dressing, and going abroad that Evening, according to her custom.

While these things past, *Timante* was upon a visit at the House of a

great Lady; whither he went directly from *Araminte*. The phanſie of the encounter would not out of his head; and ſtill as he thought upon it, he could not for his blood but blurt out a laughing, till it diſtaſted the company, as if it had been at ſome of them: And then, in his own defence, he was fain to diſcover what it was that made him ſo merry, that they might not any longer take him for a Perſon either unmannerly, or ridiculous.

In the ſtory of his Adventure he gave them to underſtand, how that Providence had made him *Apothecary* to one of the fineſt women in *France*; and ſo told them all the Particulars, bating only the name of his Patient. This ſet the Company a laughing, to break their hearts; and in fine, there never was an Afternoon of pleaſanter Converſation. *This muſt be ſuch a one*, ſays one; *or ſuch a one, or ſuch a one*, ſays t'other; and among the reſt, *Araminte* came in for her part; whom they pitched upon the rather, both becauſe they knew her to be a great dealer in

that kind of Phyſick, and alſo that *Timante* came often to the houſe.

Araminte, you muſt know, was not of a humour to converſe with *Goblins*, and being poſſeſſed that her Appartment was haunted, ſhe made all the haſte ſhe could to get ready, and abroad; And ſo out ſhe goes, upon a viſit to *Cephiſe* (the Lady of the Houſe where *Timante* then was, and where the Queſtion, I told you of, was ſtill afoot.) Upon her coming into the Chamber *Timante* was obſerved to ſmile, and change colour; which fortified the Company in their conjecture, that *Araminte* was the concealed Party. *Cephiſe* received her with great Complement, and Civility; and being a Perſon that was Priviledged by her Birth, and Quality, to talk her Pleaſure, (after ſeveral pretty things ſpoken in favour of *Araminte*'s Dreſs, and Perſon) I'le lay my Life, Madam, (ſays *Cephiſe*, ſlily enough) that you have taken Phyſick to day, for methinks I read it in your Complexion. *Araminte*, with a bluſh, diſſembled the

matter

matter as well as she could: and *Timante* answered that blush with another, and a smile into the bargain, which he could not forbear, though he bit his Lip heartily to suppress it; so that he was forc'd to turn off to the Window, for fear *Araminte* should take notice, and imagine the cause of it. These circumstances, being laid together, confirmed the Company more and more; and when they had chatted away the Evening till 'twas time to break up, they went every one their way, abundantly satisfied, that they knew the *Patient* now, as well as the *Apothecary*.

Not long after this, there was a report all over the Town, that the Devil had given *Araminte* a Glyster; and this was long of her own Woman, that first told it in confidence to a friend of hers, and thence it past from hand to hand, till it came to *Araminte* her self at last: And it was so publick, that she could not go abroad for being pointed at in the streets. But this Rumour lasted not long, before *Timante* supplied the

Devils

Devils place in the Story, as the more probable, and credible Relation of the two.

Timante was now upon a tickliſh point; if he ſhould give over viſiting as he was wont, it might be taken for granted that the Report was true: And on the other ſide, if he ſhould go, and be charg'd upon it, he had no way to come off, but by a flat denial of the Fact, in which caſe, evidence would be given againſt him out of his own mouth. Upon this deliberation he reſolved however to go; but upon the very inſtant of ſetting his foot within the door, he fell into ſo ſtrange an apprehenſion of her diſpleaſure, ſuch an irreſolution of mind, and ſo wonderful a trembling of the heart, as made him ſuſpect himſelf to have a greater kindneſs for her than he was aware of; which troubled him the more, becauſe he knew ſhe had a Servant already, one *Licandre*, who was then in the Country.

In this diſorder, up he goes to *Araminte's* Chamber, in whom he found

found a thousand Graces and Advantages which he had never taken the least notice of before. (for let but a man believe that he loves a Woman, or that he ought to love her, and it is enough to make him hang himself in his Garters for her.) This surprize kept him for a while in silence, and at gaze: and *Araminte* on the other side stood stone-still, with her eyes fixt on the ground, in the greater confusion perchance of the two.

Timante durst not look his *Mistris* in the face, nor *Araminte* her *Apothecary*, and for some half a quarter of an hour there past not a word; no not so much as a look between them, to signifie what they would have been at, if they could have spoken. In the conclusion, *Araminte* brake the Ice, and with a side-look; *Timante* (says she) *There is something that I take very ill at your hands. And* —— But there she stopt; which *Timante* observing, Madam, says he, I cannot imagine what you should take ill from me, who (I solemnly swear) never had any other intention

tention than to ſerve you. But *there are Services*, ſhe replied, *which I ſhould be loth to receive from* Timante; *and I need not tell you neither of what Quality they are.* I would I had ever been ſo happy, Madam, as to have ſerved you to your ſatisfaction, ſays *Timante*, that I might diſtinguiſh betwixt the ſervices you like, and thoſe that diſpleaſe you. *The ſervices I like* (ſays *Araminte*) *are not of the nature of thoſe you have render'd me.* (Theſe words brought the blood into her Cheeks; but *Timante* went on, as if nothing had been:) Alas Madam! ſays he, *The ſervices that I have rendred you!* It has been the deſign, I muſt confeſs, of my whole life to ſerve you, but I was never yet bleſt with any opportunity of doing it. *For that*, ſays *Araminte*, *you'l make hard ſhift rather than want an opportunity.* He that never found it, ſays *Timante*, muſt needs want it; neither do I deſire it, but in order to your ſervice: And——Here *Araminte* interrupting him, *'Tis poſſible*, ſays ſhe, *that opportunity may put it*

into

into your power to do me a ſervice that I ſhould hardly thank you for; and it may be that has been the very caſe already. If it has, Madam, (ſays *Timante*) 'tis however more than I know. *Come, come* (ſays *Araminte*, raiſing her voice) *let's have no more juggling; I know well enough what you have done, and that you have done enough to make me abhor you.* If I have ſerved you, Madam, as you ſuppoſe, why, ſays *Timante*, ſhould you abhor me, or take it amiſs that I have ſerved you? *And yet*, ſays *Araminte*, *I do take it ill, exceedingly ill.* I cannot think (ſays he) that this comes from your heart; if I have done you a ſervice, methinks you ſhould rather give me a Reward than a Rebuke. *Do not you know*, ſays *Araminte*, (after a little pauſe, finding that ſhe could not make him ſpeak home) *that there are ſome ſervices which are never to be preſented without asking leave?* For my own part, ſays he, I reckon thoſe to be the Nobleſt ſervices which are performed without talking of them. To

ask

ask leave, ſavours too much of vanity, and oſtentation, in publiſhing the matter before-hand; and it proves many times but a vain pretence to what we are never able to compaſs. Nay, further, ſays he, It is ſtill more generous for a man to conceal himſelf, not only in the doing of a ſervice, but, if it may be, even for ever after the ſervice is done. *That's no more*, ſays *Araminte*, *than I looked for; and you ſhall do very well to make your ſelf one of the concealed number: For the ſervice here in queſtion is of a quality that better deſerves a Reprehenſion than a Recompence.* The ſervice, Madam, which I have done you (ſays *Timante*) is doubtleſs a very extravagant kind of ſervice, if it be as you render it; and that he who has done it is a ſtranger to it himſelf. Be ſo good, I beſeech you, as to mind me of it; give me but ſome hint that I may underſtand it, and I do aſſure you, when I come once to know it, I ſhall not be ſo mealy-mouth'd as to diſown it. (This, he foreſaw, would put her to a puzzle; and finding her at a loſs.)

loſs.) But, Madam, ſays he, the ſervice you reflect upon, is as little known to your ſelf, I perceive, as to me; and you that received it, can give no better account of it, than I that did it. *Go to, go to,* ſays *Araminte, we underſtand one another: and ſince the ſervice is ſo diſhonourable, that you are reſolved not to own it, I ſhall not give my ſelf the trouble to tell you it. Let it ſuffice, ſuch a ſervice it was, as will blaſt your Character among all honeſt men, and which I ſhall for ever remember as it deſerves. But we were better talk of ſomething elſe.* As *Timante* was about to reply, ſhe took the word out of his mouth, and ſaid:

Have not you heard lately of a certain Cavalier that gave a Lady a Glyſter? Yes, ſays *Timante,* (not a little ſurprized at the Queſtion) I have heard as much, but I can hardly believe it. *That's not the point,* ſays *Araminte, for true or falſe, 'tis the ſame thing to me: but anſwer me directly, If you had been in that Cavaliers place, what would you have done?* Being I was not there, ſays *Timante,*

mante, I cannot ſay preciſely what I would have done, if I had been there, for I do not know in what humour I might have been. *Well*, ſays *Araminte*, *but in the humour you are in at preſent, what would you do, if ſuch an accident ſhould offer it ſelf, this very inſtant*? Shew me the *accident*, Madam, ſays he, and I'le ſhew you the *humour*; we have other thoughts upon the *view* of Objects, than we have upon the *Phanſies* of them. *If you cannot tell me what you would have done your ſelf, tell me only*, ſays *Araminte*, *what another ought to have done*? That, ſays he, is the greater difficulty of the two; for, Madam, if I know not what I would have done my *ſelf*, how ſhould I divine what *another* would have done? *I do not ask you* (ſays the lovely *Araminte*, a little in heat) *what you would have done, or what another would have done in the Caſe, but what you or another ought to have done*? I am of opinion, Madam, ſays he (to ſpeak freely) that the reſpect which becomes us to the Face of a Woman, would be an affront to her Back-ſide;

and to quit the place for fear of putting a Bum out of Countenance, would appear a very ridiculous thing, and imply a moſt unmanly want, both of Courage, and Reſpect. It is not *thereabouts*, Madam, that we are to ſtand upon Ceremonies, and I ſhould look upon him as a loſt man to both Sexes, that ſhould ſhut his eyes upon ſo remarkable an occaſion. Not but that I could allow the Lady that ſhould be ſo ſurprized, to be a little peeviſh, and out of humour; and if ſhe ſhould call a man inſolent and brutal for his pains, I ſhould not much blame her for't. But yet let me tell your Ladiſhip, ſhe that underſtands her ſelf, and knows how the World wags, would never make a ſerious Buſtle about ſuch a Trifle; but begin the Raillery her ſelf, to prevent others. What are men made for, but to ſerve women? And provided they do their duties, no matter upon what occaſion. Alas! Madam, the *Part* is nice and tender: who knows but one minute more in the cold Air might have coſt her her life? and the Gliſter would

have been quite ſpoiled too, for 'twas with the cooleſt already. You may obſerve too, that ſo ſoon as ever he had done his work, he went his way with all the gentleneſs imaginable. Now where's the crime of all this I beſeech you? unleſs a man ſhall be condemn'd for good Nature; or, for the diſcretion of improving the opportunity of ſerving a fair Lady, when 'tis offer'd him? This is my ſenſe, Madam, and what I ſhould have done in the place of this Gallant; and what I conceive any other man ought to have done, upon the like occaſion.

This diſcourſe put *Araminta* ſeveral times to the bluſh, which by twenty little ſhifts, of looking another way, and the like, ſhe kept from *Timante* as much as poſſible. And when he had done, *well*, ſays ſhe, *If this be your ſenſe, I can aſſure you, 'tis none of hers that's concern'd in the Story; ſhe abominates the man, and knowing you to be one of the deareſt Friends he has in the world, I am to charge you, in her name, that you never look her in the face*

again, nor come where ſhe is to be ſeen. This I have in commiſſion to tell you, and that it will be your beſt courſe to do that of your ſelf, which you will be otherwiſe forced to. This menace (ſays *Timante*) ſignifies nothing to me, but for your ſake I ſubmit; provided only that you tell me who this charming Creature may be. I have not the gift of divination, Madam: How ſhall I be able to avoid I know not whom? By this order of yours, I am never again to look upon any Woman that's handſom, for fear it ſhould prove that excellent Perſon whoſe ſight I am forbidden. No, no, Madam, you have too much goodneſs and juſtice (I am confident) to impoſe any thing ſo ſevere, and unreaſonable.

If the renouncing of the whole Sex, in exchange for the bleſſing of your particular favour, and converſation, may content you, I will frankly oblige my ſelf, never to ſee the face of any Woman beſides your ſelf, and reckon my ſelf a gainer too by quitting all the ſcatter'd Graces that are to be found

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in womankind, for the concurrence of them all, in one and the ſame perſon. *You ask a thing not to be admitted* (ſays *Araminte*) *for the injur'd Lady and my ſelf, have ſo much one Intereſt, and one ſoul, that it is impoſſible to pleaſe the one, with what diſpleaſes the other: Wherefore I do abſolutely require it of you, that from this moment, you never ſee me, nor ſpeak to me again, to your lives end.* This is barbarous (cries *Timante*, a little diſturb'd) to puniſh a man ſo bloodily, for a fault he never committed, and for a perſons ſake too that he never diſobliged. Tell her ſhe's unjuſt. And——*Enough, enough of this,* (ſays *Araminte*) *and too much too, unleſs 'twere better. You have done more then you'l confeſs, and the Lady you call unjuſt, knows well enough who was the doer of it. No matter for particulars; you underſtand them better then we can tell you. All I have more to ſay on my Friends behalf, is to adviſe you to govern your Tongue, or there will be ways found to govern it for you: Ways, which my Friend hath hitherto forborn, for*

reaſons beſt known to her ſelf. Never think to put off the matter, and cry, 'Twas none of you. I tell you the contrary. You were ſeen when you went out of the houſe: Or, ſay no body had ſeen you, How could you imagine, that what you your ſelf had talked of ſo publickly, ſhould not come to the Ladies own ear at laſt? Come, come (ſays ſhe, with a ſigh, *conſider what you have done: Think on't, and ſo fare you well to all eternity.* With theſe words in her mouth, out ſhe goes into the next room, and locks her ſelf up in her Cloſet.

Timante was now at leaſure to reflect upon what had paſt, and concluding within himſelf; either that all was diſcovered already, or would be very ſuddenly; he reſolved to make the beſt of a bad game, and rather to put it off with Merriment, and good Humour, than either to excuſe or deny it. When he had a little bethought himſelf, and finding Ink and Paper upon the Table, ſo pat to his purpoſe, he drew over a Letter which he left upon the Table, againſt the Hangings, ſo much

much in ſight, that there was no coming into the Room, without ſeeing it, and ſo went his way, not doubting but it would fall into the right hand; and that ſo ſoon as ever he was gone, *Araminte* would come out of her Cloſet again into the Chamber. He was ſcarce out of the door, but in comes *Neophile*, a jolly Laſs, and one of *Timante's* intimate acquaintance: the firſt thing ſhe caſt her eye upon, was *Timante's* Letter, which without any ſcruple ſhe preſently took up, and read it from one end to t'other. (for theſe frolick wenches, you muſt know, are priviledged to do any thing) This Letter put *Neophile* into ſo violent a fit of laughing, that the noiſe of it fetch'd *Araminte* out of her Cloſet, to know the buſineſs: And upon that, *Neophile* read it over again, and laughed more and more. *Prethee, what's the meaning of all this?* (ſays *Araminte*) Only a Paper that I found here upon the Table, (ſays *Neophile*) which I ſuppoſe you are able to give a very good account of, if you pleaſe. *Not I upon my*

life (ſays *Araminte*) *I never ſo much as ſaw it.* Go to, go to, (ſays *Neophile*, with a roguy ſmile) let's have none of theſe diſguiſes among Friends. 'Tis true, here's none of *Araminte's* name to this Paper, but here's the Hiſtory of a certain Adventure of hers, deny it if you can. Come, come, prethee do not pretend to make that a ſecret to me, that the whole world is ready to make oath of. This made *Araminte* change colour, and yet ſhe could have been as free with *Neophile* as with any body: but ſtill ſhe proteſted over and over, that ſhe knew nothing at all of the paper; and ſhe had neither read it, nor ſeen it. —Why then ſays *Neophile*, it is but reaſon you ſhould have the reading of it: There 'tis. And *Araminte* read as follows.

THE APOTHECARY TO HIS Fair PATIENT.

Madam,

BY the manner of your Diſcourſe about the Gliſter, I perceive you are not willing to tell me all you know; and I muſt be put to conjure for the reſt: which for your ſake I am content to do, and to ſpare you the trouble of ſpeaking, what you are afraid to make me underſtand. But after this, I beſeech you, Madam, let us hear no more of Complaints, and Reproaches,

proaches, as if I wanted either Kindneſs, or reſpect. And yet now I am coming to the point, I am a little doubtful, whether you would rather have me entertain you, under the name of a Third Perſon, *as you did* Me, *or Addreſs my ſelf to a* Third Perſon, *when I ſpeak to* You. *For my own part, I am clearly for* plain dealing among Friends; *and for treating* You (*now the vizar is off*) *as if I were* He, *that did the good Office you wot of, and your ſelf ſhe that received it. Yes, yes, Madam; This is the naked truth of the Caſe; and I my ſelf am the happy man who had the Honour to do that ſervice to the moſt delicious piece of Wo-*

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mans Fleſh in Nature. A ſervice, that was both ſeaſonable, and expected: A ſervice that was both given, and taken, with all the Civility imaginable: A ſervice, I ſay, preſented upon the Knee, with Reverence, and with Silence; and managed with ſo generous a Moderation, that notwithſtanding the utmoſt force of Charms, and Appetite, I gave my eye alone the benefit of the Accident. You are too juſt, Madam, and too wiſe, to take a Service for an Offence; and the firſt undoubtedly, of the Sex, that ever quarrell'd any man for miniſtring an advantage to her Beauty.

This

This Letter, though pleaſant enough to any body elſe, could not draw ſo much as one ſmile from *Araminte*. All ſhe ſaid upon't, was (coldly to *Neophile*) that ſhe believed the Letter belonged to *Neophile*, and was not found, as ſhe pretended, upon the Table (not but that ſhe knew well enough by the Contents, that it came from *Timante*; only ſhe was loth to own what had befallen her.) *Neophile* on the other ſide, kept her ground, and ſhew'd *Araminte*, that the Ink was not yet dry; and that the Letter was of the ſame Paper with that on the Table; and followed her ſo cloſe, that at laſt *Araminte* had nothing left to ſay, but that *it was all one to her, if it were written on that very Table, and with her Ink and Paper, ſo long as ſhe never ſaw the Letter, nor knew in the leaſt, to whom it was intended, or any Creature that had been engaged in ſuch an adventure.* *Neophile*, perceiving that *Araminte* was a little gravell'd, and taking for granted that the Story was true, in pu re

pure pity to her Friend, chang'd her Diſcourſe; but yet ſo ordered the matter, (as ſhe was notably good at Fiſhing) that ſhe got all out of her before they parted, and made her ſelf of her particular confidence. And now was the time to reaſon her Friend out of that inſociable melancholy that poſſeſt her, into a better temper.

Prethee *Araminte* (ſays *Neophile*) leave tormenting of thy ſelf, (for a pittiful buſineſs of I know not what) to make ſport for other people: Doſt thou not think we ſhould have a comfortable world on't, if every Woman that has had her Back-ſide turn'd up, ſhould be of this humour? I would not adviſe thee neither, directly to confeſs the thing; nor would I have thee ſo poſitively to deny it; but e'ne fairly paſs it over, betwixt jeſt and earneſt.

Araminte found this to be wholſom Counſel, and within two days, received from *Timante*, (who durſt not come himſelf) this following Letter.

Timante

TIMANTE TO THE Cruel ARAMINTE.

I Do not know what you may think of the Letter I left you the other day upon the Table; but you are much to blame, if you do not take me to be a very honeſt civil Fellow for my pains: Firſt, in going to the Devil upon your Errand, to learn that which you would have me know, and yet durſt not tell me your ſelf. And Then, to plead guilty, of my own accord, to a Charge which you could never have

have proved: And all this for your ſatisfaction.

The laſt time I had the honour to ſee you, you were extreamly angry with me for my Curioſity; *but let me tell you now, for your Conſolation, that you are abundantly revenged upon me, in my* Love. *To tell you the plain troth, I am neither better nor worſe, than ſtark mad, for a certain Woman, that within theſe eight and forty hours, bad me never look her in the face again. If you be the perſon, it is not my part to mind you of it, but on the contrary, to try if I can make you forget it. I am perpetually beating my brains, which way to make my peace with you,*

and

and my paſſion acceptable to you: But then, methinks, for a Lady of your quality to caſt her eyes upon a wretched Apothecary, were a moſt unreaſonable thing: And yet you are to conſider, Madam, that I am an Apothecary that chuſes his Patients, and miniſters only to fair Ladies: Witneſſe the Incomparable Araminte, *who knows this to be a truth, paſt diſpute, or contradiction. And where's the Cavalier now, that does not wiſh himſelf an Apothecary in my place? Tell me for goodneſs ſake, Madam, how I am with you, and when I may ſee you, that I may tell you again, when you your ſelf ſhall ſee, at your feet, the moſt faithful*

ful, and paſſionate of all Mortalls.

Timante.

This way of fooling pleaſed *Araminte* well enough, and ſet *Timante*, by little and little, upon better terms with his Miſtris, (who you muſt know, was too much a Chriſtian, to carry malice in her heart againſt any man that had Wit in him, and good Humour. But as to the anſwering either of this, or of any other Letter, for the future, ſhe was utterly againſt it, till all ſhould be gone and paſt, for fear of reviving the ſtory.

But this would not ſerve *Timante*'s turn; for his buſineſs was to poſſeſs *Araminte* with a ſenſe of his paſſion, and to ſhew her that it was above all diſcouragements. So that let her reply, or not, his reſolution was to write on at a venture, which he did a while after, as follows.

TIMANTE

To the Fair and Speechleſs

ARAMINTE.

WHat? not one poor Word left to caſt at a dog? Never, never to ſee Araminte again? nor ſo much as to hear from her? ten thouſand Catharrs and Gouts, upon the Eyes and Fingers that were the cauſes of it. And all this, forſooth, for having my eyes in my head; and for ſeeing thoſe Delicacies which you your ſelf ſet before me: for doing the very thing which you your ſelf call'd for, and waited for; only it

was

was done (as it appears) by a wrong hand. Is not this a goodly cauſe of Baniſhment, think you? A very worthy ground of ruining a poor Devil, Body and Soul, that loves you, as if Heaven and Earth would come together. Pray let the party offended ſpeak for it ſelf, and do not you complain at one end, for a kindneſs done to the other.

But this is all a man gets for his good will. Well, well! go on if you pleaſe, and make me turn Apothecary in good earneſt. I ſhall not want fair Cuſtomers, never doubt it, when the world ſhall underſtand, that my firſt Trial of skill was upon your ſweet Ladiſhip. Do not pro-

voke me, but be kind, and wiſe in time. For in my whole practice, if ever I meet with the fellow of the ſight you ſhewed me, I ſhall moſt certainly revolt. Till then you are to expect the Perſecution of my Letters, and after that day, not a ſyllable more, from Timante, *while your eyes are open.*

Araminte found this Raillery, not amiſs; but ſtill ſhe kept to her Reſolution of making no return, which put *Timante* upon this other Letter.

TIMAN-

TIMANTE

TO THE

Fair ARAMINTE,

If ſhe be above-ground.

THough you have plagu'd me moſt damnably, yet I can have the Charity to forgive you, if you be dead; but look for no quarter at my hands, if it ſhall be your lot to be found among the living. To make ſuch a pudder about a Gliſter? As if it had been Gun-ſhot. I muſt ſee You no more, it ſeems, becauſe I ſaw That, which neither ſaw me, nor knows me,

nor ever took any thing ill from me; not indeed, any thing at all from me, but as the lawful Deputy of the Chamber-Maid. It is not well, to trouble your ſelf ſo much with what's done below-ſtairs; *and by your own fretting, and fuming, to make that ſo hot in the mouth, that was ſo cool and comfortable in the belly. I could ſay ſomewhat more then you are aware of, perchance, in a buſineſs of which I was an eye-witneſs; and revenge my ſelf that way upon you, if I would give my mind to it.* But Baſto.

If you be really dead, I do not ſee why any thing of this ſhould trouble you; but if you be alive, *faith, recal your commands,*

mands, and let me live too; for there is nothing ſurer, then that your Kindneſs, *or* Cruelty, *is the* Life *or* Death *of*

Timante.

This letter wrought no more upon *Araminte* than the reſt; and *Timante* quickly found that writing would never do his buſineſs; ſo that ſome other courſe was now to be thought upon, for the making of his Peace with his Miſtris: and no way better, then by engaging *Neophile*; (which was his next work) who he knew could do any thing ſhe pleaſed, with *Araminte*. Upon the opening of his heart to her, ſhe promiſed him fair, and you ſhall now ſee how ſhe proceeded.

She got *Timante* to her houſe, upon a certain time when *Araminte* was to make her a Viſit; and there ſhe placed him behind the Hanging,

within hearing. *Araminte*, ſays ſhe, *I have a requeſt to make you, and you muſt promiſe me before-hand not to deny me.* *Araminte* paſt her word, that ſhe would not; and immediately upon that, *Neophile* preſents *Timante* to her, for her pardon, and begs of her, that for the time to come, ſhe would allow him the honour of waiting upon her as formerly he had done. *No body loves you Madam, better then I do,* ſays *Neophile*, *and you ſhall never repent the entertainment of ſo chearful and ingenious a Converſation.* *Timante* ſeconded this mediation of *Neophile*, upon his knees, with all expreſſions of Tenderneſs, Paſſion, and Humility imaginable. It was a pretty while before *Araminte* could recover her ſelf from the Confuſion this ſurprize had given her, and juſt as ſhe was about to reply, ſhe was ſtruck dumb again; for ſhe could not look *Timante* in the *Face*, without reflecting that he had looked upon her, *elſewhere*: upon which thought, ſhe ſtood, for a good while, with her eyes fix'd upon the ground,

ground, and without one ſyllable ſpeaking. But upon farther conſideration, ſhe reſolv'd to break through all theſe fantaſtical ſcruples, and to ſay ſomething to *Timante*, who was all this while upon his knees, in expectation of her Anſwer.

Timante, (ſays ſhe) *Neophile is my friend, and for her ſake I am content to pardon all that's paſt; for 'tis not poſſible I ſhould hate any thing that appears under her protection. Wherefore I do once again aſſure you, that whatever is paſt, ſhall be forgotten as if it had never been. But I muſt now conjure you on the other ſide, that you never ſee me again; and this I am ſure you will not refuſe me, at leaſt if you love me, as you ſay you do; or if you have any reſpect for my Peace, and Credit; for I perceive I ſhall never be able to look upon you, but with ſhame, and trouble. It is upon this condition, that I pardon you the Affront you have done me, and I ſhall judge of your* Affection, *by your* Obedience.

Ah Madam, ſays *Timante*, would you

you have me promiſe you an impoſſibility? To bid a man ſhew his *Love* by his *Indifference*, is to bid him *Love* and not *Love* at the ſame time.

The very ſoul of Love is the preſence of the beloved Object: take away That, and Love is rather a *Diſeaſe*, then a *Comfort*. *But how many are there*, ſays *Araminte*, *that gratifie their Paſſions, at all diſtances, with the very contemplation, and deſire of what they love*? By your fair leave, Madam, ſays *Timante*, he that lives in *Deſire*, lives in *Torment*: But however, be it as you pleaſe, whether my life ſhall be happy, or miſerable; I ſhall not want ſtrength, and obedience, to carry this Paſſion with me to my Grave. *Do as you ſay then*, ſaid *Araminte*, *and you will oblige me, in ſuffering for me.* It ſhall be ſo, Madam, (ſays *Timante*) with a paſſionate ſadneſs in his Countenance. But is it not poſſible, that time——*No more Queſtions*, ſays *Araminte*, *but let it ſuffice, that you will pleaſe me, if you obey me: And let me tell you, that he that comes once to*

pleaſe

pleaſe his Miſtris, is in a fair way to gain her. *Timante*, finding that matters went better then he expected, preſt the buſineſs no further; but paſſing his word for his obedience, left the reſt to *Time*, and *Good Nature*. On the other ſide, the lovely *Araminte* was ſo well ſatisfied with *Timante*'s manner of proceeding, both upon the point of *Affection*, and *Reſpect*, that ſhe told him, *So ſoon as the talk was over, he might viſit her again; and that for her part, when the World ſhould have forgotten his Fault, ſhe would not be the laſt ſhould remember it.* Upon this they parted; and *Timante* took his leave. *Araminte* ſtaid not long after; but not a word this bout to *Neophile*, of any diſpoſition ſhe found in her ſelf to favour the perſon, whom but juſt now, ſhe ſo violently hated.

It ſeems by the diſcourſe, that the *Apothecary* and his *Patient* began now to underſtand one another; which *Neophile* took notice of too; and within a few days, brought her friend to confeſs as much. At which time, *Licandre*

candre, (*a profeſt Servant*, though *no great Favourite* of *Araminte*'s) came out of the Country, where he had been upon ſome earneſt buſineſs. At his Return, he was welcom'd with the ſtory of the Gliſter; which, inſtead of diverting him, put him (being extreamly jealous, and hot-headed) into the moſt extravagant rage imaginable. Nothing would ſerve him, but he muſt be reveng'd upon *Timante*; and that too, not without reproaching *Araminte*; (how innocent ſoever) which he did ſufficiently, the firſt Viſit he made her.

You are in good health, I hope, Madam, ſays *Licandre*. *In very good health Sir, I thank you*, replyes *Araminte*. Yes, Madam, ſays he, I make no queſtion of it; for I underſtand you are in a courſe of Phyſick to keep you ſo. *Araminte*, that knew his humour perfectly well, and ſaw what he would be at, made him this careleſs anſwer, *I do not know how you come to be ſo well informed in my Affairs; but this I aſſure you, Sir, that what-*

whatever I do, it is not to pleaſe you. And yet Madam, ſays the brutiſh *Licandre*, though you have no deſign to pleaſe *Me*, there are *a thouſand others* that you would be glad with all your heart to pleaſe: you would never have taken a Gliſter of the firſt comer elſe. *You may be ſure however for your part* (ſays ſhe, with a modeſt indignation) *that 'tis an office I'le never receive from you.* And truly Madam, ſays he, I am not at all ambitious of the honour; my Rivals it may be, will be glad on't; but for my ſelf I was never cut out for an Apothecary. *At a venture*, ſays *Araminte*, *I ſhall not put that to the tryal.* You'l do the better, Madam, ſays he, for I'm not half ſo good at it as *Timante*. *I cannot imagine*, ſays ſhe, *what it is you drive at.* But 'tis enough, ſays he, that I can. They entertain'd one another at this rate a good while; and *Araminte* was ſo quick upon him at every turn, that *Licandre* had little joy of that Viſit, and ſo away he went.

This buſineſs ran in his head all that night,

night, and early in the morning, up he gets, and away, towards *Timante*'s Lodgings, to watch his going abroad, and demand ſatisfaction, with his Sword in his hand, which he reſolved to do, in ſuch a manner however, that it ſhould appear rather a *Caſual Encounter*, than a *Formal Duel.* After a matter of an hours waiting, out comes *Timante*; and *Licandre*, at a petty diſtance follows him, till they came into a little, blind, unfrequented Alley; and there *Licandre* draws, and runs in upon him, bidding him defend himſelf. One word was as good as a thouſand to *Timante* in ſuch a caſe, who ſo behaved himſelf, that *Licandre* found he was like to have his belly-full before they parted. They exchanged ſeveral Paſſes, upon equal terms; but at laſt, *Timante* drew blood of his enemy; and it had gone worſe with him too, if company had not come in, and parted them.

There was no body took this engagement for any other then a *Rencounter*, and yet the Combatants durſt not

not truſt themſelves to the ſeverity of the Law, but thought it their wiſeſt courſe to ſhift for themſelves, and ly cloſe, till either their peace ſhould be made, or they might fight it out.

You may imagine the different reflections theſe two Gentlemen paſt upon the fortune of that day; and that while *Timante* on the one ſide was tranſported with Joy, for the advantage he had gain'd upon his *Adverſary*, and *Rival*, (both in one.) *Licandre*, on the other ſide was ready to hang himſelf for the contrary. But the thing that moſt ſtuck in his ſtomach, was, the ridiculous occaſion of the Quarrel. If the Devil had not poſſeſt me, (ſays he) I ſhould never have brought my *Life*, and *Honour* to the ſtake, for a *Glyſter-pipe*, with a great deal to this effect: And while *Licandre* was in this chafe, and ſtewing himſelf in his own greaſe, *Timante*'s employment was to write to his Miſtris, which he did the ſame day in theſe terms.

TO THE
Inviſible FAIR ONE.

I am under ſo abſolute a Reſolution, and Neceſſity of conforming my Opinions and Affections to yours, and of loving, or diſliking juſt as you do; that I cannot ſay whether I am the better, or the worſe for my late Succeſs; till I know how you underſtand it. If you take nothing amiſs in it, I ſhall reckon it a Bleſſing; if otherwiſe, it will turn to my Ruine. I have been thinking to make you the Preſent of a little Gallantry, *for your Diverſion: the fruit of an Idle Hour or two;*

but

But I have check'd my ſelf again, for fear you ſhould from that Freedom, meaſure the Reverence, and Reſpects of

Timante.

Araminte took this Letter very kindly, but could not yet be prevail'd upon to put pen to paper: only by word of mouth ſhe gave *Timante* to underſtand, that ſhe ſhould be glad to have a ſight of what he mentioned in his Letter. Which *Timante* ſent her immediately, in company with this which follows.

TO THE

Moſt Charming Creature

In the whole WORLD.

IF *the Foolery I now ſend you, ſhould happen to diſpleaſe you, blame your ſelf, Madam, for commanding it: You will find upon your peruſal, that it is a piece written in praiſe of——ſomewhat that ſhall be nameleſs: The Child is not yet Chriſtned: What if we ſhould call it a* Panegyrique? *Or give it what other name you pleaſe. If it makes you merry, I have my end; and for matter of privacy, be aſſured, that I ſhall be every jot as tender of ſhewing it, as you*

you your ſelf would be, of ſhewing the ſubject of it. Reſt upon it, Madam, that it ſhall never go further, for my part, unleſs you ſhew it your ſelf. If there be any thing in it that offends you, I am ſorry for't, and ready to ask you forgiveneſs. After all this, I do not believe you can be ſo ſevere, as to make a Quarrel on't, at worſt. I have your Commiſſion for what I have done, and if I have done amiſs, what would you have more then the Repentance, and ſubmiſſion of

Timante?

Araminte could not but ſmile upon the reading of this Letter, which ſhe ran over with great Impatience to be at That which follows.

I *Never was ſo taken with any thing ſince I was born, Madam, as I was a little while ago, with*——you know what. *Indeed, take it altogether, for* Beauty, *and good* Qualities, *I do not believe there is the fellow of it upon the face of the Earth: ſo* plump, *ſo* ſmooth, *ſo* well proportion'd. *And then for a* Complexion, *that is to ſay, for a pure* Red and White: *All the* Roſes *and Lillies, the* Snow *and* Vermil-

lion

lion *that ever were beſtow'd upon Ladies Cheeks in* Sonnets *and* Romances, *from the beginning of the world to the date hereof, are nothing to't: And all this without the expence of* Pocket-Glaſſes, Powders, Paint, *or* Patches; *only an innocent* waſh *now and then, and that's all. It's true, the Pretty Creature is as* blind *as* Cupid, *but then 'tis as* ſure *too: and if it has no eyes, neither does it* want *any; becauſe it has nothing to do, but what may be done in the* Dark, *as well as in the* Light: *And then the* diſcretion *of it is admirable. It is very* ſparing of ſpeech: *It has the wit* never to refuſe a good thing when

'tis offer'd, *and* tells no tales out of School *when't has done. It is the Common* Reconciler, *and* Rendezvous *of both* Fools *and* Philoſophers; *and in one word, the* Support, *the* Comfort, *and the* Buſineſs *of* Humane Nature.

More might be ſaid Pro *and* Con, *in the caſe; but this ſhall ſuffice. My humble Service, I beſeech you, Madam, when you ſee my noble friend next. I know you may do me a good Office there, if you pleaſe; and I am ſure you will, if you have that kindneſs for me, which I wiſh you may have; eſpecially, when you ſhall find, that this gayety of humour has in the bottom of it, the higheſt degree*

degree of Paſſion, and Reſpect, that can enter into the Soul of

Timante.

Araminte did not well know what to make of the medley of this Letter, for there was ſomewhat in it, to *laugh* at, and ſomewhat again to be *angry* at: for *Timante*'s Raillery went too far, when it came to make ſport with her Reputation; and that, ſhe took great offence at. But upon conſideration of the Circumſtances, and the general heedleſneſs of thoſe that give up themſelves to this drolling humour, ſhe concluded to paſs it over, without any more ado.

By this, (as time and friends will do any thing) the King was pacified about the quarrel, upon aſſurance, that there was nothing of appointment, or premeditation in it: and

a place of meeting was agreed upon at the house of one that wished well to both, for the reconciling of the two Combatants; where they were brought together; but with the greatest difficulty in the world, to get *Licandre* thither. When they thought all was well, one of the Company was asking how they came to fall out. *Timante* protested, he knew nothing at all on't, and that *Licandre* who assaulted him, was able to give the best accompt. *Licandre* on the other side, reply'd, that *Timante* was not so ignorant as he made himself: which *Timante* deny'd again, with so many Oaths, and Imprecations, that they all fell upon *Licandre* to tell them what it was. He shifted it off as well as he could, but it would not pass upon the company, that he should set upon *Timante*, and not know a reason for't. It was a long time before they could prevail; but at last, after much earnestness, and importunity, *Licandre* told them in plain terms,

that

that he was jealous of *Timante*, and that he drew his Sword, in vindication of a Lady for whom he had a great honour; which Lady *Timante* had affronted, by giving her a Gliſter, upon a miſtake. This ſet the whole Company a laughing, and one of them eſpecially, ſo much loudet then the reſt, that *Licandre* in a Rage, and Diſtraction, to ſee himſelf made ſport of, gave him a box o'th' ear, that made the Hall ring again, as well with the blow, as with the laughter. This accident divided the Company preſently into parties, ſome for the *Plaintiffe*, others for the *Defendant*; and a great many Swords were drawn upon't in a moment. There were ſome wiſer then others, that with much ado parted them; but two or three of the forwardeſt were wounded firſt; of which, *Licandre* was one (as a juſt puniſhment of his raſhneſs.) The hurt he had received, was very dangerous, and yet the leaſt part of his trouble; for nothing

thing gall'd him ſo much as to be brought upon the ſtage, for ſo ſilly a buſineſs. Oh how he curſt himſelf; This comes of Caterwalling, with a pox! (ſays he) the Devil take her, and all that belongs to her, and my ſelf too, when-ever I ſo much as think of her again. Two wounds have I now received for one Glyſter.

Araminte was told every ſyllable that paſt, and too well acquainted with the Jealouſie and Brutality of *Licandre*, to doubt the truth of it. Well, ſays ſhe; ſince hee's in a vain of ſwearing, I'le make one Oath too; which is, never to ſee the eyes of him again, if I can avoid it.

Juſt as *Araminte* had taken up this Reſolution, in comes *Neophile*, on the behalf of *Timante* to treat of Marriage, wherein ſhe was not only free, as to the diſpoſing of her ſelf, but by obligations of Honour, Reaſon, and Inclination, induc'd to a Com-

Complyance. Beſide, that *Licandre* was now loſt with her to all intents and purpoſes.

This accident of the *Glyſter* ſtruck a great ſtroke in the Match; for *Araminte* look'd upon that familiarity with a Womans Back-ſide, to be a kind of Conjugal Prerogative; and reckon'd upon it (effectually) as ſo much in hand, in part of Matrimony: which follow'd not long after; without any regard to the unfortunate *Licandre*, who lay bed-rid all this while; and in torments both of Body and Mind, not to be conceiv'd. It was a wonderful thing, the operation of this Glyſter, for it wrought upon the very *Heart* of *Araminte*, and brought two perſons together, that had before ſeen one another, a thouſand, and a thouſand times, the ordinary way, without ever dreaming of any ſuch matter. This ſtory of the *Pothecary* and his *Patient*, ſerv'd for Raillery, and Entertainment to the *Wits*, a long time after;

after; but without any thing of Scandal, or Reproach; for they were both of them very Excellent Persons; and all that could be made on't was this, that *Timante had done his work so well, he deserv'd his wages.*

FINIS.

There is lately Printed for *H. Brome* at the Gun at the West-End of St. *Pauls*,

The History of the Life of the Duke of Espernon, *the Great Favourite of* France. Englished by *Charles Cotton*, Esq. In Three Parts, containing twelve Books. Wherein the History of *France* is continued down from the Year 1598. where *D'Avila* leaves off, down to our own Times, 1642.

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